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1. Quebec (and Canada): Never Alone

[image]

Warning: This contains an awful lot of stereotypes, largely because I'm British and have no idea what on earth I'm talking about (oh well, oops). Sorry! If anything I write offends you, please let me know so I can fix it (I do make some provinces quite rude/mean in this - this does not reflect my views of any of the provinces in the slightest and I'm sorry if it comes across like that).

Edit: 6 months later, I finally fixed that French line ;-;

Quebec's POV:

Now, I'm not one to worry about the anglophone, but Canada has been gone for hours! It's going to snow soon, the news says, and heavily, too. If Canada doesn't get back soon, he'll be trapped in that Tim Hortons for years. Honestly, there's no helping some people! Besides, Nouveau-Brunswick keeps complaining that he's hungry and Ontario can't find him the chicken-noodle soup (top cupboard, second on the left, but l think I'll let him struggle! Oh, well.)

My point is, Canada left at 2pm and hasn't returned in at least three hours! That's not normal! Seriously, anyone decent would've at least phoned to explain what was happening!

"Oi, Frenchie, why are you grumbling at a window?"

I knew that smug voice anywhere.

"Nose pas me parler somme ca!" I snapped, "En plus, c'est pas t'est affaires!" *["Shut up, Manitoba! Don't you dare speak to me like that! Besides, it's none of your business!"]*

"Jeez, ok." With an eyeroll, Manitoba disappeared into the living room, probably to whine about me to Alberta and Ontario. Again.

"Bit rude, eh?" Saskatchewan *[is that how you spell it?]* sighed.

"Eh, it doesn't matter. She won't care."

"...Ok."

By this point, the kitchen was empty, if not for Newfoundland and Labrador and his dogs, Bear and Brody. All three of them were asleep in Bear's (extremely large) dog bed in the corner. Giggling slightly at the trio, I thought it best to join my fellow provinces in the living room to sit by the fireplace and warm up a little, perhaps.

As I walked in, Ontario and Manitoba were stood in the centre of the rather cramped room, theatrically yelling... something.

"And then she was like 'shut up! Leave me to be weird! Je n'est suis pas *[I am not]* one of you! Leave!'" The pair finished by falling melodramatically to their knees, with Ontario miming crying like a baby.

That was it. Within seconds, I'd seen enough to understand. They clearly hated me. I ought to just leave.

"Err.... h-hi, Quebec, we-" British Colombia stammered awkwardly, as the other provinces turned towards me, looks of sheer horror plastered on their faces.

I didn't care what excuses they'd come up with. I walked out of that hellhole and never looked back. As I left, I felt truly alone, perhaps for the first time ever.

Staring up at the cavernous, mansion-like place I'd called home, I felt something damp rolling down my face. I never cried, never. But here I am... maybe I did care...

"Bonjour, Quebec! Sorry I'm late! I realised we were out of gravy for the poutine, so I went to every shop in town looking for some, until - Quebec? Are you ok?" To my surprise, Canada sounded nervous, worried even. "Have they been picking on you again?" Unsure quite

how to respond, I nodded, unable to stop water from spilling from my eyes.

"T-they hate me, Canada... I don't know what to do... I feel so alone..."

"Oh, Quebec... they care deep down, I'm sure. You're never alone, never ever. You'll always have me, no matter what." Before I could quite process what was happening, he pulled me into a long, warm hug, wrapping his coat around my shoulders as he did.

"T-tu *[Y-you]* really mean it?" I sniffed.

"Of course I do."

"M-merci *[thank you]*, Canada."

2. France: Inseperable

[image]

Disclaimer: Again, there'll be a few inaccuracies, I imagine, though not as many as in the first story. Also once again, if anything offends you, please let me know (though I'd imagine this one'll be less controversial).

Another day in lockdown, that's all it really was. After this long, time was barely relevant, as if everything was frozen in place, society and sociality abandoned by the world. So much time had passed, so many memories had been lost... France didn't know how much longer she could take it. It felt to her like the life she had one known was long gone, that her reality was crumbling around her. She hadn't spoken to anyone in months, other than her cats, of course (and let's be honest here, cats aren't known for being great conversationalists - or even for speaking).

"I'm bored, Lou," she muttered to the one on the end of her bed. Lou gazed up at her for a second, before curling up and falling asleep for the billionth time. "Do you think it's worth phoning someone at this time?" Her question was met with merely a snore and a slight twitch from her furry companion, which France took as 'I don't care, do what you want'.

Who would even be awake at this time? France thought to herself. Well, only one way to find out...

TEXT ALL:

You: Anyone awake? I'm boreddddddd.

And now... waiting. And waiting. And waiting. Until finally, half an hour later, the lonely country gave up hope of-

Ping!

Was that...?

You: Anyone awake? I'm boreddddddd.

Scott: I am, want to chat a bit?

Scotland? After all these years? France blinked in a stunned silence, a grin spreading across her once solemn face. Suddenly, the ancient tales of their mischievous friendship flooded her brain....

When they first met, she'd been having a row with England.

He'd screamed, "France, you wouldn't dare declare war on me you little-"

"Yeah? Watch me!" she'd retorted, aggression echoing throughout each word.

"Ahem?"

It was at that moment her nemesis's brother had emerged from thin air, leaning against a nearby tree, a smirk enveloping his face.

"Ikkle Anglo getting into fights with the big kids again?"

It was at that moment an unbreakable friendship formed, to much swearing and yelling from England. Since then, the pair had supported each other whenever they could, ruling as the masters of mischief, an inseparable duo of madness.

Their blissful alliance aged beautifully, until the Act of Union of 1707, when Scott and her lost contact, with England now practically his boss, restricting their friendship. Still, their alliance lasted. Even when it did finally break, they remained firm friends, though they hadn't had chance to speak in years...

Until this very moment.

You: I've missed you, Skirt Man!

Scott: *Kilt Man

You: Yeah, yeah, whatever... Anyway, how've you been?

Scott: Bored. Annoyed.

You: England again? What's he done?

Scott: Well that's quite a story...

~ Da End ~ .

Bye!

3. USA: In A Bit Of A State

[image]

Disclaimer: see previous disclaimers. Besides, if you've made it the this point, you'll've got the message by now, I think (sorry, this is just me being lazy).

"Mr. USA? Sir?"

"Hmm?" America muttered groggily.

"Please don't sleep in my meetings," UN sighed, "Besides, you're supposed to be giving a speech today, aren't you?"

"Mmm, that thing," he nodded groggily, "Sorry, boss."

It was a miracle Ame even made it through that speech; he was exhausted! What with paperwork, bills, and the states bickering all night, he'd barely got any sleep for the entire week! At last, it was the end of Friday, which meant the kids would be busy playing out for the weekend, meaning...

"Sleep..." he muttered contently to himself.

"Are you alright, Ame?" UK asked, concern glittering in her forest-green eyes.

"Yeah Mom, I'm fine..."

"US, you look like you're about to collapse under the weight of your own eyelids!"

"Well, the states have been pretty exhausting recently, I guess. Cali and Texas yelling, Florida kidnapping alligators, just the usual, though."

"That's... normal for you?" UK exclaimed, "Son... tell the states to reign it in, I hate seeing you like this!"

"Fine, I'll try..."

~Time skip brought to you by Florida's alligator trying to eat Rhode Island~

USA's POV

Why am I doing this, again? This is chaos! And... where's Rhode Island? There's no way I can confront the states tonight, there's too much going on!

"Hey, Dad! 'Sup?"

"Hey, Oklahoma!" I grinned tiredly, "Can you do me a favour?"

"Uhh, sure... Wassup?" He looked a bit confused, but in this house, who isn't?

"Can you get your siblings into the kitchen? I need to speak to them all."

"Ok, I can do that," he paused a second, a grim look passing over his face, "Not Rhode Island, though."

This confused me; Rhode Island was the last state I expected to just wander off. "Why?" I asked. OK answered me with the two words I dreaded the most in the entire universe:

"Ask Florida."

"I'm good."

Surprisingly, most of the states actually came! Mind you, I'm not sure what Oklahoma told them, but Wyoming looked terrified!

"Dad..." she asked, her voice shaking, "Are we really at war with the Martians?"

"Wyoming, sweetie," I grinned gently, "Don't believe everything your brother says, ok?"

"Oh, so why are we here?" A murmur of agreement swept through

the states, who all now turned to stare at me. Taking a deep breath, I began my explanation. The stress of work, the lack of sleep, the constant bickering, the headaches... everything just sort of came out all of a sudden.

"Gee, sorry, Pop," Texas muttered.

"Ok, Tex, but... will you and Cali cool it off?"

"Nope," California laughed and the entire room erupted into chaos.

4. Germany (Mostly): EU Café

[image]

Disclaimer: Idk... this is probably the most bizarre oneshot so far but this is supposed to be creative, right? Again, if you become offended please let me know!

Germany's POV

"And now for your homework projects!" EU beamed, seemingly forgetting she was talking to a load of countries that were practically twice her age. "It's a teamwork exercise! I want some countries to volunteer to open a café... y'know, like a fun side business! Who's in, gang?"

Silence.

"Anyone?" Euro sighed mournfully. More silence. "Ok, I'll choose then!" A groan swept across the assembly hall. "Right... I need five... Italy, you're on cooking duty! Spain, Portugal, ..err P-Poland, you're our waiters! And a cashier...!"

Not me, not me, not me...

"...Germany!"

Darn it. Just my luck!

"Have fun, team!"

Of course, they made me head of planning. Typical. I didn't mind, I quite enjoy admin, actually, it's just very... repetitive, I suppose.

It took a while, but I bought us a venue and helped Italy construct a menu, got the licenses to run the place... everything got finished exactly on time. It took weeks, months even (I'm losing track now, honestly), but we were ready for Summer! The five of met up at the new EU Café on August 1st, preparing to open the following week, during the peak of seasonal tourism.

* * *

"Can we change the uniform?" Portugal whined.

"Sorry, Euro's orders," I grinned, trying not to laugh at my friends' all-in-one, flower-covered tracksuits. Thank goodness I was allowed to just wear a t-shirt (a flowery one, sure, but nowhere near as bad as what the waiters had on)! "They suit you all though!"

"Whatever," Poland muttered.

~Time skip, brought to you by Italy and Spain having a massive food fight for absolutely no reason~

"Great, now we have to start over!" I groaned, "The place is an absolute mess now, thanks you your little 'argument'!"

"Sorry," the bedraggled pair chorused in unison, entirely without any emotion, let alone remorse.

With that, we restarted. Myself, Portugal, Poland and Spain scrubbed the floor and Italy entirely remade the spaghetti, sauce, starters and all.

It took hours for us to finish everything entirely, but at least everything was spotlessly clean and completed well! Honestly, I quite enjoyed our little project in the end, chaotic as it was.

Maybe EU was right after all...

Author's Note

What did I just write-

Sorry, I promise these'll get less random, this was out of sheer boredom to be perfectly honest. Still, I hope you enjoyed this!

5. Australia: Oceans Blue

[image]

Disclaimer: Again, this may be inaccurate, however perhaps less so than the other stories in this book. As usual, if anything offends you, please let me know! This will include topics such as environmental issues, just to warn you...

Australia's POV

Ah dear, not again! It's the third time this week, and it's only Tuesday!

Y'see, mate, there's this adorable family of koalas that live in one of the big trees in my back garden. Problem is, somehow the mother of the family keeps getting wedged between the nearby branches in one of the trees... I hope she's ok....

I pulled her back out of the branches once again, returning her to her beautiful little family. I think she recognises me now, after I've started looking out for her; she seems to be getting kinder to me over time. Maybe her and her joeys can be my new pets? Perhaps I should give them names...?

"Who are you, little buddies?" I whispered to the family.

There are two joeys as well as the mother, and all three of them are extremely adorable! The mum looks like a Sheila to me, dunno why, but I have no idea what to call her two little fluffballs! **[name suggestions please?]**

They're not my only pets, in fact, I have a forest full of the others I've befriended! Birds, wombats, kangaroos, tarantulas, every species, every size, I love them all! I adore animals, in case you didn't notice... Honestly, they're everything to me! It's difficult caring for all of them these days though, what with global warming and those dreaded fires... but let's not mention that, eh? Got to stay positive down here, right?

~Time skip, brought to you by Aussie's chaotic, tarantula-infested house, which scares absolutely everyone~

3rd Person POV

Over the Summer, as usual, Aussie and his younger sister, New Zealand, continued doing what they did best: rescuing critters in need. It was very much Australia's project, but Zea was more than happy to pitch in whenever she was needed. The work was never easy, but it was worth every bruise and scrape they got to save their animal brethren from harm.

On this particular day, the duo were sunbathing at Nudey Beach, admiring the blurry image of the Great Barrier Reef that the water portrayed, as the waves rippled gently towards the sand.

The reef's colours were fading, there was no denying it, but what could be done? Aussie frowned, gazing at the once bright, bustling coral. Once again, pollution and government clumsiness would have dire consequences, and not just for him, for his neighbours too and - perhaps more importantly - their people. But there was hope still... if only people would care...

Yep, environmental stuff... I just felt like I ought to, with how much Australia's climate has suffered. Perhaps there's a hidden message in it all, of unity and of morals. Who knows what'll happen next, but either way, to get through the climate crisis, we need to get through it together.

Wow, that was more political than planned but oh well-

6. Ireland: Dancing In The Sun

[image]

Disclaimer: same as usual, y'know the drill by now.

BTW, ideas are really appreciated, if you have any!

It was a beautifully sunny morning; there wasn't a cloud in the (usually grimly grey) sky and the sapphire-blue lake below the Cliffs of Moher shimmered dazzlingly, as if dancing in the warm Irish sunlight. It wasn't often Ireland got days off from EU business, so it was a massive relief to be sat basking in the gorgeous sunlight, surrounded by such breathtaking scenery as this.

This was one of only 10 public holidays the country had been granted that year, so, naturally, she'd chosen to spend the day at home, in one of her favourite locations in her entire country.

You see, these cliffs were one of those places that just invokes nostalgia; Ireland had been raised not far from here, in a neighbouring village slightly inland. In fact, throughout her childhood, this was her favourite place to play, relax and even just to spin around in a kind of frenzied dance routine, much to the concern of her mother.

She missed those days, back when she was just a little girl, no worries about economics or stress over paperwork. Back then, it was just her, and the wind, dancing alone in the sunshine, not a care or regret.

Even after all these years, Ireland thoroughly loved being here, rather than cooped up at work. It was just a shame she'd lost so much of her time sat alone, shut in her office. Well, there was no point dwelling on the bad bits of life, she'd reasoned to herself; all that would do was waste more time. Life was precious and there was no time to spare for wishing it hadn't changed. If time had remained stuck in the past, life would never have progressed and fond memories would lose their appreciation in the constancy of

repetition. *Without negativity, all the good things in life would lose meaning*, she philosophised.

After all, no matter what, she still had today - a full 24 hours of peace to be enjoyed - and that was what truly mattered.

So, once again, Ireland danced in the Sun, a carefree spirit once more.

7. UK: Progress

[image]

Disclaimer: Please let me know if anything offends you! This one does imply a couple of historical events, but goes into no detail, nor any explicit names of past conflicts. Please take that into consideration before reading on.

UK's POV:

It's raining again. I don't know why I'm surprised; downpours have been forecast all week, plus I'm staying in London for Westminster business. If anything, a lack of rain would be a shock.

Despite that, it still disappointed me. As much as I'm used to rain-showers by now, they never put anyone in a great mood, do they? Besides, they make this place look miserable! As I stare out of my flat's gaping window, I frown forlornly at the state of the capital in the downpour.

Don't get me wrong, I love this place, of course I do, it's just... maybe there are better places, maybe other countries' cities are prettier or more well-positioned or more politically relevant.... It feels like my grasp on the world stage is slowly slipping away from me. It's for the best though. I don't want to be given that kind of responsibility anymore and geopolitics ought to no longer be my concern.

I need to stop thinking about my past nowadays; I need to learn to let go, to be proud of the present...

3rd Person POV

UK sat, pondering for hours, just allowing time to slip away as she reflected to the darkness of her past, realising that the way things were now were far, far better for everyone. *Let's not worry about power or the past,* she thought, *It's like Nada says: 'reparations and kindness are what's most important'.*

Finally returning from her musings, UK glanced at her watch, thinking that perhaps she ought to begin getting ready for this year's European Meeting of Stuff (yes, that's actually what the countries voted to name it; it was almost midnight when the official title had been discussed and nobody wanted to think too hard about such a boring matter).

"Ready?" someone called out to her from the hallway about an hour later.

"Just a minute, Ger!" UK yelled back, yanking the hairbrush through her matted, rain-soaked hair and pulling on her old, reliable Doc Martins. "Alright, done!" The country stepped into the hall, where she was greeted by Italy, France and Germany, who were accompanying her to the meeting in Germany's BMW.

"What's this meeting about?" asked France, probably more out of boredom than genuine curiosity.

"Progress," Germany grinned awkwardly, "How a country can adapt to the modern times and make amends for the past."

"Right up your street then."

"I suppose..."

8. Greece: Timeless Enigma

[image]

Disclaimer: It's as usual, but this isn't very political, so no major issue this time! Also, again, this does not reflect my opinion on any nations mentioned, this is simply biased in favour of Greece for literary reasons.

The Athenian sun beating down over the countryside created a magnificent scene: ancient theatres were illuminated and stone sculptures reflected the light beautifully, bringing forth the noble history of their nation in a magnificent display of culture and pride.

Greece was insanely proud of his legendary history. As a matter of fact, his enigmatic culture was still at the heart of his life, thousands of years after his founding and peak of cultural elegance. He told as much to the two countries accompanying him, with brief explanations of each artefact and statue they passed.

"Very nice, Greece, but I'll stick with my own - superior - culture," Italy sniffed. Cyprus said nothing, simply staring in awe at the ancient infrastructures around her.

"Of course," the Greek smiled, somewhat passive-aggressively at the Italian, "however, perhaps you ought to at least consider that others have respectable histories too?"

"I am very much aware of that, Greece. Unfortunately, I am of the opinion that your history appears far inferior to my own."

This passive-aggressive row went on for quite some time. In fact, by the time they were done bickering, Cyprus has already gone home and the Sun had began to set.

"I suppose we'll have to agree to disagree," Greece smiled, suddenly very conscious of the time. Italy nodded in agreement, muttered her hurried goodbyes and headed home.

This left Greece alone, surrounded by the relics of his past. A glimmer of pride arose within him as he reflected on the heroic tales of the immortalised deities portrayed in the marble statues and reminisced over the many wonderous performances that took place in the stone theatres across the country. His landscape never failed to amaze him, even after thousands of years of living off of this land.

This is why - to Greece, anyway - his life was a work of art; his entire existence had been immortalised in beautifully carved stone and, as far as he was concerned, that made his culture and his history infinitely intertwined, portraying his country's true beauty perfectly.

and making him better than Italy.

9. New Zealand (Plus Ame, Nada And Aussie): Back To School

[image]

Disclaimer: Same as usual, y'know what I'll say

Note: This is set in the past, when the siblings are children, with Aussie and Zea about so start school.

"Mum? Can you tie my shoelace for me?" Canada asked, holding his foot out to UK.

"Alright," his mother grinned, "but at the weekend, I'm going to teach you how to do them yourself, ok?"

The Autumn sun glinted mysteriously over the rural fields and overgrown paths of the hamlet which the 'British' Family called home. Leaves were already scattered across the lonely road up to the house and gardens surrounding it. At the end of the footpath leading up to the front door Ame, Australia and an uneasy-looking New Zealand awaited their brother's return.

This year would be Zea's first full school day away from the quiet comfort of her home. She was to turn five later that month, meaning it was time for her to begin at Primary School. Zea imagined the local school as a large, cavernous, all-engulfing building filled with much taller, scarier people, where she would be locked away from Aussie and the others all day. She couldn't go there! Aussie was her best friend, as well as her brother, and she couldn't be in that scary world without him looking out for her!

"Ready?" UK smiled at her children.

"I'm scared, Mum," Zea sniffed, taking her mother's hand.

"Don't worry, darling! Your teachers are very kind; I'm friends with a few of them, actually," Brit replied, adding knowingly, "You'll see Aussie at lunchtime, still! Won't she, Aus?"

"Yeah, course!" Australia smiled toothily, giving his sister a massive bear hug.

"Ok... I'll go..."

As the little group made their way down the winding path to their school, their mother asked, "Which teachers do you have this year?"

"I have Mr. Rome," Aussie grinned nervously, "He's scary!"

"He isn't that bad, I had him last year," Canada interjected. "I have Ms. Qing this year."

"Ah, well... you'll be ok with her, I think... just don't tell her we're related..." UK giggled nervously.

"I don't know who I have..." Zea muttered.

"Oh, you'll have Mr. Greece, then! You'll like him!" Aussie beamed, recalling how the Greek Empire had helped him finger-paint last year.

Turning to her eldest child, Brit asked, "What about you, Thirteen Colonies?"

"That's America to you," he huffed, "I want independence as soon as I turn 18!"

"He's in a bad mood because he has Grandma Francia," Canada explained. This made sense; Ame never was fond of French Monarchy. In fact, nobody was - not even France.

"Is that it?!" New Zealand suddenly exclaimed, pointing up the hill to a church-like building surrounded by picnic tables and play equipment. It wasn't nearly as big as she expected, nor as ominous. In fact, it seemed quite nice... welcoming, even.

"It is," UK replied, smiling, "Now, have a great day, sweethearts! See

you at 3:30!"

Hand in hand, the four headed up the hill to a fascinating new world, which was theirs to explore. At that moment, Zea resolved to cherish every second of this new, puzzling utopia. After all, what was the worst that could happen?

10. Denmark (and Sweden): Lego Wars

[image]

Disclaimer: This is a bit weird, but y'know. If anything I say offends you, please let me know (I don't think it will, though)!

Denmark's POV:

Only one more brick until my masterpiece is complete... One more moment until weeks of work would all be worth it. Every second lead up to this moment...

"Hey, Denmark!" Sweden greeted cheerfully, barrelling straight into my bedroom door... swinging it into my beautiful masterpiece. My work was destroyed! Hours of dedicated, precise construction and design wasted, all because of this clumsy oaf, who was still entirely oblivious to the tyranny he had wreaked upon me!

"Are you, ok, Bro?" he asked, noticing my thunderstruck face.

How could I possibly be ok? How? What was wrong with him?

"YOU IDIOT!" I roared, "YOU RUINED MY MINI-LONGSHIP! HOW DARE YOU!"

"...Oops."

"Oops? OOPS? That's all you're going to say to me? You've ruined my life, Sweden! Get out!" **[Jeez, Denmark...]**

"Sorry, Den... I think maybe you're exaggerating, though, it was only one or two bricks-"

"One or two? ONE OR TWO!? HOW DARE YOU DISRESPECT MY AMAZING, BEAUTIFULLY-CRAFTED LONGSHIP-"

"IT'S JUST A TOY!" my nightmare of a brother screamed at me,

"YOU'RE ONE THOUSAND, EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS OLD! GROW UP!"

That was it. I'd had it with him. I needed revenge... and I had the perfect weapon right in front of me!

Silently, I waited for Sweden to leave my room, a plan formulating in my head. I knew what had to be done. All I needed was the perfect moment to strike. Thankfully, Swede was on EU bin-collection duty this week; he'd be rubbish-ing out for at least half an hour!

I crept downstairs, through the hallway and into the living room, where myself, Norway and Sweden left our slippers. I needed to be careful; the three of us had a matching set, but I was fairly certain the green ones belonged to my enemy. Picking them up as carefully as I could, I emptied my pocket out, placing half the contents in each. I'd been careful to only choose the green Lego bricks, in order to disguise my plot better. *I know from experience how painful stepping on Lego is. I'm well-assured, Sweden deserves every second of pain this brings him. My Lego Longship must be avenged,* I thought smugly.

Swede returned an hour or so later, arm in arm with Norway, who had been out shovelling snow all day. Poor guy, he seemed exhausted! As usual, the pair headed into the living room, over to the slippers and-

"AHHH!"

Oh. Oh no. What have I done...? I panicked, helplessly watching the chaos below...

"DENMARK WHAT ON EARTH IS WRONG WITH YOU?!" Norway screeched.

.

Oops.

11. Spain: The Koalas

[image]

Disclaimer: See pervious disclaimer. Also, this barely makes any sense. For some context, see Australia's chapter. Even if you do, it'll still be bizarre, though.

Even by her standards, it was far, far too hot. Sure, it was July and all, but Spain couldn't live with this! It was so swelteringly boiling that Australia's koalas would feel at home here, even though it was nearly seven o'clock on a Sunday night...

Which was just as well, seeing as she'd been tasked with caring for them for the week (one of EU's 'special Summer projects' again)! She didn't mind initially, though, seeing as Joseph and Josephine were probably the most adorable little pipsqueaks on the entire planet. They looked like absolute angels... Unfortunately for Spain, they were anything but.

"Josephine! Get down! I have peanut butter!" Spain now pleaded frustratedly to the koala currently curled up on top of her (extremely tall) kitchen cupboards. It took fifteen minutes to coax Josephine down, by which point Spain had covered herself in peanut butter, made several different attempts at 'koala noises', had six mental breakdowns and somehow lost her shoe in the process, then had yet another mental breakdown when she realised it'd been on her foot the entire time. **[RIP her sanity-]**

After all of that, the little joey clambered immediately down of her own accord, scuttled up the nearby table leg, then joined her brother in eating what little of her fruit was left in the fruit bowl.

"Cheeky things, aren't you?" Spain sighed hopelessly to the pair of them. "Well, Australia told me it's bedtime for you two in a few minutes, so I'm going to get your crate-"

And they were gone. Again.

They can't have gone far! she thought to herself. *The doors are locked and the stairs are blocked off because of that leak I had last week! Where could they even really go?*

Once again, an exhausted and sweat-drenched Spain began her inspection of the ground floor. It took a further half an hour to explore everything, digging through boxes, checking behind shelves, searching on top of bookcases... Finally, she reached the living room, still having had no luck whatsoever. She peered into the room, spotting the troublemaking duo at last.

They'd been in their crate the whole time. Damn it.

At least Aussie would be along to pick them up soon...

Also, I know you can't have pet koalas like that, but:

1. It's Countryhumans

2. They're owned by Aussie, so, y'know, if he can't make them behave, no one can!

P.S. Sorry, this makes no sense at all, does it?

12. Switzerland: Chocolate-Flavoured Peace

[image]

Note: [No disclaimer, but the previous ones still apply]

Thank you for 100 views! It's not a lot to most, but it's amazing to me that so many people wanted to read this book!

Anyway, I'll get on with it-

It was quiet in Switzerland's house; it usually was. Chocolate Queen wasn't the most sociable; her little world was silent and beautiful, and she wouldn't have it any other way. At that particular moment, the content country was sat in her rural back garden, staring down at the picturesque mountain view below, smiling to herself as she dropped a stone over the edge of the cliff-face, into a lake at the bottom of the vast, snowy valley. After a minute or so, a splash echoed back up to her, the vibrations of the stone's impact mingling with the gorgeous birdsong-

Beep! Beep!

Was that my phone? I swear if it's EU again-

Second-Best Chocolate

Second-Best Chocolate: Did you seriously give Toblerone to Slovakia!? See this? This is why I'm the superior chocolatier! You can't even keep a decent brand around!

You: Shut up, Belgium, nobody asked your opinion. Besides, your chocolate is poor at best.

Letting out an irritated sigh, Switzerland put her phone on silent. How was is Belgium's business what she did with her brands? At least her chocolate tasted better than dog poo! **[Bit harsh, innit?!]**

Oh dear, she was craving chocolate again after that. Annoyed with her own weakness, the chocolatier-ing royalty marched back into her house, raided her vast store-cupboards and eventually returned to her peaceful spot outside, armed with a small feast of confectionaries.

Munching on her delightful snacks, Switzerland reminded herself of her desserts' superiority to Belgium's, also thinking to text her sister (Liechtenstein) to ask when she'd be home from the corner shop (*How long does it take to get milk?!*)

With that, Schweitz returned to her chocolatey peace once more.

Ok, there isn't really a plot here...

Oh well.

Bye!

13. Mexico: Winter Sun

[image]

Disclaimer: Just the usual, y'know what I'll say.

December... For other countries, that meant snow, warm duvets and hot chocolates. For Mexico though, the tale was almost entirely reversed: bright sunlight, thin bedsheets and pineapple juice as a special treat. She enjoyed her Christmases, but she must admit that she sometimes felt a bit left out of the other nations' festivities. After all, she'd never even seen snow, let alone had a white Christmas!

Despite this, Mexico took a great deal of pride in her unique weather. After all, it was part of what made her special, helping develop her culture and boost her tourism industry; everyone loves Winter Sun, apparently!

Now, she was sat at the edge of a glittering cenote just outside of Cancun, letting waves tickle her toes and allowed the tropical rain to pour over her, soaking her hair and dampening her sun-dress. Mexico liked rain. It felt warm and homely, like an omnipotently comforting sprinkler. Amusedly, she watched the tourists canoeing around lake, occasionally dipping in to test the cenote's depth (and trying not to capsize).

It was things like this that reminded her how beautiful her country truly was; her individuality was her greatest strength and she was certain of that. She thought back to her past, the good, the bad, the beautiful, everything.

She loved every part of her historical culture, from the Mayans' temples to the Incas' ingenuity, even to present day. How special, how wonderful-

"Wake up, Mexico!" someone yelled in impatient Spanish.

"Fine..." Mexico groaned, staring irritably up at her older brother,

Chile, who himself looked like he was about to die of impatience.

Wonderful things, siblings, she grimaced sarcastically to herself.

"Let's go home, I'm tired," another figure moaned, appearing from behind the Chilian.

"Be patient, Argentina!"

"Not my fault you're boring."

"Excuse me?"

And here we go again, Chile groaned inwardly, staring hopelessly at his younger sisters quarrelling. *This could go on for hours...*

Questions And Requests

[image]

Got any questions for the countries?

Any countries you want to see?

Please put in requests for me if you have any!

(Again, art isn't mine, credit to the owner).

14. Questions/Requests Pt. 1/? - "How's Everyone's Day?"

[image]

"How's everyone's day?"

Canada: Great, thanks! I recently went syrup-shopping with a few of the provinces, took 'em to Tim Hortons, just the usual!

USA: Eh, pretty good... except for *him*.

Florida: *Laughs in chaotic Floridian*

Canada: Me and Saskatchewan also had a picnic the other day...

UK: England and Scotland won't shut up... The tomatoes are gone.... It's the apocalypse.....

France: Moi? Tres bien, merci! Britain, are you alright?!

UK: The world is ending....

Canada: . And last week I went skiing with Nunavut....

Quebec: I'm tired today. Not lacking energy, just tired on Ontario-

Mexico: My day? Well, I'm still stuck next to him, aren't I?

USA: Hey! What did I do?

Mexico, pulling out a list: Well-

Canada: and after that there was a snowball fight between me and the Prairie Provinces! That was fun!

Germany: What have I been up to? Work. Just work.

Switzerland, pointing at Ame and Mex: Was dull today, but them

arguing is pretty entertaining, actually!

Australia: I've been partying today! It's the joeys' birthday! We celebrated for them in the woods!

(Again, art isn't mine, credit to the owner!)

15. Questions/Requests 2/? - Sibling Bonding

[image]

It was the first time in years that the four of them had been given simultaneous days off. In fact, maybe this was the first time ever... Either way, the four of them were going to make the most of it.

They met up at the local McDonalds, as per Ame's directions **[sorry, I just had to-]** , grabbed a Happy Meal each and clambered into USA's car.

"We're back together, gang!" Ame cheered, accidentally punching the roof of his car. "Ow."

"Never change, Ame," Canada laughed squeezing his brother's arm, causing the car to swerve slightly, much to the indignation of the driver behind.

It was only a five-minute drive to US's mansion, which, in short, was an exact replica of the White House, except far, far messier on the inside (and less old men called Joe).

Laughing at the mess, Aussie patted his brother of the arm and asked, "So, anyway, how's life, guys?"

"Haven't we done that?"

"Oh yeah, forgot about that! That was last chapter, right?"

[*shatters fourth wall in overexcited Brit* Heh. This is cringe, but oh well.]

"Want to play a game?" New Zealand piped up suddenly.

Hesitantly, Nada asked, "What kind of game?"

"Truth or dare, maybe?" Aussie suggested. Ame nodded in

agreement.

Over the next few hours, the four discovered many interesting things about each other: Ame's Florida-phobia, Canada's love for Swiss skiing resorts, Aussie's 'allergy' to The Beetles, Zea's hatred of Australian Vegemite ("Traitor!" Aussie exclaimed, miming fainting).

"What else is in here to do?" Nada asked Ame curiously, marvelling at the sheer size of his brother's home.

"Well-"

"You could always... ***run***." whispered a ominous voice from behind them. USA went pale, dreading the worst. The other three shivered, slowly turning around. It was just as Ame had feared. standing behind them were two truly formidable forces of darkness: Florida and Ohio.

"You have ten seconds," Ohio whispered. Almost instantly, the siblings scattered, terrified of the evil standing before them

.

"Well, what now?" Ohio asked Florida, who chuckled chaotically.

"We leave them here until they're brave enough to leave!" he smiled mischievously.

"Cool."

With that, they exited the house, leaving their dad, uncles and aunt to fall victim to yet another psychotic prank.

(Art isn't mine, credit to the owner.)

16. Poland: The Dawn Of A New Era

[image]

Disclaimer: Possible implications of past events (WW2?)

1948:

Poland's POV:

I still can't quite believe I'm alive! I still have the scars of the past and I've been through hell for most of my life, but it's over now. World peace is finally possible! That means I'm safe now, right? The past three years have proven that to me, showing that maybe I could recover!

Today, we're having a global meeting; the first one ever since the United Nations was founded! I wonder what'll happen... I know it's human rights and stuff, but I doubt someone as young and inexperienced as UN could make the entire world agree in a day.... that's assuming anyone could! Ah well, we'll just wait and see, I suppose!

3rd Person POV

At 12 o'clock sharp, the nations of the world entered the newly built United Nations Conference Room. The ornately-carved hall was massive, with seats rising in rings around a well-polished, wooden stage, where a fidgety, blue man in a suit stood, giggling awkwardly at five of his assistants, all of which were nations, too, apparently. Watching the six curiously, Poland took her seat between the Philippines and Portugal in the higher rows of the conference hall's benches.

"These are pretty nice chairs," someone murmured from behind her. Well, they weren't wrong, Poland supposed. She had to admit, it was very comfortable in here.

About ten minutes later, UN began, "Good morning-"

"Afternoon," UK corrected.

"-Afternoon, nations of the world!" he finished, blushing slightly in embarrassment. "Today, we shall be discussing human rights!" the organisation smiled, staring around the room, as if expecting applause, though in the end, only Ireland clapped, more out of sympathy than anything else.

Poor guy, Poland sighed to herself, as the humiliated-looking United Nations stuttered on.

In the end, the poor man had to call France to help him out with reading out the complex notes. Nevertheless, the meeting was fairly successful... Though the Pole suspected it would be years before the world reached a total agreement.

Oh well, progress is progress, she thought. *This is the first time we've ever tried, after all! That in itself shows some new hope! A new era, truly something to feel positive about!*

17. Canada (Again): The Greatest Week

[image]

Note: Follows on from Question/Requests Pt. 1. Also, this one's basically jumbo-sized!

Canada's POV

Monday:

Goodness! The weather's forecast to go haywire this week! Snow's forecast overnight and isn't due to stop until Saturday. Y'know what that means? School closures! Finally, some quality time with my provinces! I thought. First, though, we needed to go shopping; I couldn't just let us get snowed in without the essentials!

"Hey, kiddos!" I called, forgetting that a decent few of my provinces and territories were considerably older than me, "I'm going shopping! Want to come?"

"Ok!" a few shouted back to me, while a couple of others scrambled down the stairs to meet me. In the end, I was joined by everyone other than Quebec ("Non, c'est ennuyeux!") and Manitoba ("It's too cold!" Oh, the irony...).

All I could think was *Thank goodness we have a Land Rover!* Somehow, we were all able to fit in, (with a little extra space in the back, too) and I drove us off to Costco to do the vital shopping. **[I have no idea if Costco sells food, I just Googled 'Canadian supermarkets' and went with the first result.]** Of course, I started with the most important supplies: maple syrup, bread, milk and enough ingredients for a weeks' worth of poutine. I also allowed my little family to buy something they wanted for themselves, as a special treat. They mostly bought the usual stuff, like sweets and books, but Nova Scotia insisted that I buy her a new set of bagpipes. *Well, no sleep for me anymore!*

We would've gone straight home again, if it weren't for Yukon's genius idea, which of course, I couldn't refuse!

Turning off at the next roundabout, I drove right back to the town centre, straight towards to Tim Horton's!

"Fourteen doughnuts, please!" A cheer erupted from the back seat, much to the amusement of the Drive-Thru attendee.

At last, we headed home, eating out snacks along the way, saving the final two Oreo and Chocolate Cake Doughnuts for Manitoba and Quebec.

Lovely!

Tuesday:

As promised, it'd snowed all night! It was beautiful outside, with icicles dripping off of the trees and snow glittering outside the house like we were in the middle of a gorgeous snow-globe.

"Morning, Nada!" Saskatchewan grinned at me, "Can we play together in the snow later?"

"Of course!" I smiled. Secretly, I was hoping someone would ask. "Where'd you want to go?"

"Hmm," Saskatchewan murmured, finally answering, "The park? There's a sandwich shop just across the street from there!"

"Sounds like a plan!" I smiled at him, "I'll dig us out first, though!"

Hours of shovelling later, we were ready to go! Slipping on my wellies, I called Saskatchewan downstairs and the pair of us trudged across the street to the park, arm in arm.

As he'd promised, the sandwich deli was still open despite the weather, so we sat on our jackets by an ancient oak tree, enjoying a cheese toastie each. We also built an igloo, but unfortunately, a moose trampled it a few minutes later.

At last, we headed back to the lovely, warm car and drove home to

sit by the fire for a while. Dinner was also very enjoyable (who doesn't love poutine in a blizzard?)! We ate by the fire, seeing as it was so cold, and I just chatted to the fam for a while. Finally, I went to bed early, exhausted by the day's fun.

Wednesday:

We were snowed in. Again! It was so bad today that I had to climb into the attic to pull out a ladder to stick out of the upstairs window! It was crazy! Nevertheless, the provinces still seemed fairly excited about the snowfall, but I deemed it far too dangerous for them to play outside today.

All in all, very dull day!

Thursday:

Thankfully, some of that snow melted overnight, meaning we weren't in full lockdown-mode any more! Thank goodness for that, eh?

Today was surprisingly sunny, too! In fact, it was so pleasant out, I invited the provinces to go skiing with me. Sadly, not many of them were awake at six in the morning and the ones that were had their pyjamas on still. Well, except Nunavut, who gratefully accepted my offer.

The pair of us were out for hours, gliding through our Winter wonderland, or else simply messing around, building snowmen in the field! I don't know about him, but I loved every second we spent out there together! Everything was just perfect that day, especially when we realised there was a hot chocolate stall open in the local market! What a great surprise!

To make my day even better, when we returned twelve hours after when we'd first set off, I found that Quebec and New Brunswick had made Maple Baked Beans for us! **[Don't know if people actually eat this, I Googled 'popular food in Quebec' and just kind of went with the results.]**

Friday:

By the end of that week, I was understandably fairly tired, but was nevertheless feeling very pleased with life! The provinces let me sleep in too; having grabbed themselves some cornflakes when they awoke, they messed about outside all morning, allowing me to get up at my own pace, which was just as well, seeing as I slept in until 11!

After lunch, when I was finally dressed, I followed the kiddos back out into the garden, where Alberta insisted on herself, Manitoba and Saskatchewan having a snowball fight against everyone else. Of course, we were all up for the challenge, so snowy warfare broke out almost immediately. All of us got absolutely pelted each other in the stuff! Snow was being launched from all directions, until I couldn't even tell who the offenders were! It was chaos!

Nobody was quite sure who won, but we all slept very well after all that running around, chasing each other!

Done! Finally! Hope you enjoyed this; it took a long time to complete fully!

Bye!

18. USA #2: Moving Out

[image]

Note: I'm running out of countries aren't I-

18 at last! That meant Ame could finally move out! *Independence, yes, after all this time!* Despite being almost broke, he'd somehow managed to buy himself a cottage in the Virginian countryside. The house's exterior was a pearly-white colour and Ame hoped that, as he got older, he'd be able to renovate it into something more grand, with pillars and marble stairs leading up to it... but those were simply fantasies right now; the newly-established country couldn't even afford rainproof chairs for the back garden, let alone a full-scale renovation of the entire house! Oh well, he could get by with what he had for now; it wasn't like he needed those luxuries, desirable as they were.

Thankfully, he wasn't alone in the wilderness; his thirteen states lived elsewhere on the housing estate, which in itself was only a ring-shaped road with a few houses around it, an not much else. Living either side of him were Georgia and Massachusetts, perhaps the only two people less prepared for this than he was, a truth not helped by the fact that Georgia was living with a child, who he was training to be a future state. This demon child was called Florida and he was insane, but that's a topic for another day. **[I'll stop going on about Florida eventually, I promise]**

Back in United States' house, Ame had run into an issue: he had no idea how on earth it was possible to boil soup. He'd bought some fresh stock from the market the previous day, but it had only now occurred to him that he wasn't sure how to make the stove turn on...

Ah well... he thought, grabbing himself a ham sandwich instead. *Maybe I should just check on the colo- - states, I mean - instead?*

With that, he jogged out of his front door, out over to the neighbouring cottage. Swinging open the door, he yelled, "Hey,

Georg- oh, hi Florida, where's Georgia?"

Laughing, Florida answered, "Fighting the other alligator."

"Alligator!?" Ame stammered, "*Other* alligator?"

"Yeah," Florida grinned, "I ate the first one; they taste lovely, actually! Want some?"

"No thanks, I've just eaten."

"Suit yourself, I guess. Your loss."

Perhaps I should go home... Ame thought, still processing Florida's antics. *He'll make an... interesting... state, won't he? I hope Georgia can cope with that alligator ok...*

19. Nova Scotia And Scotland: Remember Me

[image]

Thank you for 200 views! That's insane!

Also, this is pretty sad-

"Athair, I'm scared," a young Nova Scotia cried to her father, "I don't want to live with the Witch, she's mean! And her daughter is awful!"

"I'm sorry, Nova, my little Dove" Scotland sniffed, barely able to hold back his own tears, "We don't have a choice... Besides, France promised me she'd protect you... and if she hurts you, I'll break her wee neck."

"You're scared of her too, aren't you?"

"No... but she's powerful enough to hurt us if we say no to her demands... I want to protect you, you know that, darling. It's for the best..." He really did cry now, falling to his knees in the damp grass, clutching his daughter to his side.

Nova understood that her father was right, really. France was better as an ally than an enemy, but her dad couldn't just give her away to the Witch like this! She told him just as much, and he cascaded into tears one more.

"I-it's not fair, I'm sorry, Nova... I just can't risk her invading you... I don't want you to get hurt..."

"I know..." she sobbed, hugging her father as tightly as she could.

The pair stayed there, simply holding each other for what felt like forever. This was the last time they'd see each other, perhaps forever... Scott's little treasure would be gone in only a few hours...

He hoped France would treat her as well as she'd promised him. Even if she did, he didn't know what he'd do without his little Dove, she was his world...

For one last time, he stared into her emerald-green eyes, planting a soft kiss on his daughter's head. Bless her, she was only twelve...

"L'Ecosse! C'est moi! Can I have her now?" France called, marching over to them and grabbing Nova Scotia by the arm and dragging her away from her father.

"A-Athair," Nova sniffed, "promise you'll remember me..."

"O-of course Dove, for ever and ever," Scott smiled back to her through his gushing tears, his heart shattering into a million irreparable fragments as he watched the only person he'd ever loved be pulled away from him forever. "I'll always love you, Nova..."

"L-love you too, Athair"

And then she was gone from his side forevermore.

20. Questions/Requests Pt. 3/? Countryhuman School

Note: Sorry if this isn't great, I'm pretty tired writing this... Anyway, enjoy!

Another school year... New class, new teachers, everything was about to change once again. Oh, well, when were new people ever an issue?

Climbing off of the bus, the brand new Year 8-D rushed straight upstairs to their new tutor room (a spacious classroom situated at the end of the Languages Corridor on Floor 5). Curiously, the students gazed first at each other and then at their tutor, a very exhausted-looking Byzantine Empire.

There were a few familiar faces in the class: Japan new Canada, Singapore, Mongolia and the Philippines from the previous years they'd spent together, Poland, Finland, Netherlands and Romania were vaguely familiar with each other (though both friends with Germany and Ukraine already) and the Baltic siblings were still together. In fact, only Somalia was entirely on her own, but being fairly quiet anyway, she didn't mind.

The morning was simply designated for class-bonding exercises. Mr. Byzantine really didn't care what the class did, so - as expected - chaos ensued. Tag, truth or dare, 21 questions, the apple pie game...* they did whatever they fancied! The class had a great morning getting to know each other! It was messy, sure, but when had that stopped any of them from partying?

*[the apple pie game is where someone is chosen to face a wall, then someone else says 'apple pie' in a weird voice. The person against the wall has to guess who said it, and if they get it right, they stay where they are, and if they're wrong, the person who said it takes their place. It's fun!]

Over the following term, the chaotic crew became fast friends, soon

bonding together as one massive, idiotic braincell. They loved tutor time; Mr. Byzantine didn't show up most days, so they just mucked around, ruining the classroom for forty minutes!

However, after their first term, life became considerably less blissful. Over in 8-C, a new student had begun at the Academy. His name was the United States of America, and he was immediately the most well-liked kid in school. His sudden popularity angered the two 'cool kids', Russia and his best friend, China. This started full-on warfare, dividing the school almost in half, everyone supporting either one side of the other. Rumours began to spread that Russia and China were plotting their revenge on Ame for his recent whoopee-cushion prank he'd played during the last whole-school assembly, and if they really were out for revenge, it would have to be soon, or they'd be caught planning...

On the fateful morning of 17th November, everyone headed up to tutor, as per usual, except for America, who had made the critical decision to take a pre-schoolwork pee. Watching him from out the corner of his eye, China subtly nodded to Russia, a glint of mischief in his amber eyes, then watched his friend bolt all of the classroom doors shut.

"America.. it's war," Russia hissed, ice-blue eyes glittering with anticipation.

"Bring it on."

***

"Can you smell that?" Finland exclaimed suddenly, sniffing the air curiously.

"Smells like firewood!" Canada muttered, surprised.

"Wonder why?" Japan murmured.

RING! RING! RING! THIS IS NOT A DRILL! EVACUATE IMMEDIATELY!

"... Oh. That explains that, then."

Pulling on the doorknob furiously, panic radiating throughout her voice, Ukraine cried out, "It's locked!"

At these words, the class went into full panic-mode. They were on the fifth floor. They had no key. There was no escape. They smashed the windows, they built a ladder out of left over papier mache, they screamed continually...

They'd tried everything... they were doomed...

"I-I'm calling my brother," Finland sobbed, pulling out a battered Nokia and leaving a terrified voicemail for his siblings.

"Wait!" Mongolia, the strategist of the group, yelled, "The windows are open; let's slide down the drainpipes! Y'know, like fireman poles!"

"Ok!"

"Why not, eh?"

"But it's plastic-"

"LET'S DO IT!"

By some miracle, Netherlands, Philippines and Ukraine made it down safely, with barely a scratch on them. The rest of the class only slipped slightly, towards the end, where the plastic was more brittle. Even so, they didn't fall.

Unfortunately, as the pipes were strained more and more, they got weaker in weaker still; by the time it was Poland's go, they were so feeble that they finally snapped, causing him, to fall the final few metres.

"I-I'm o-ok..." he spluttered, his mouth full of dirt. "W-why did I have to I-land in a m-molehill...?"

"Goodness, there you are!" the headmistress, Ms. Mayan yelled, rushing over to the missing class, "We were worried sick! And...uhm... Finland, you didn't happen to phone Norway and Sweden, did you?"

"Err... yes, Miss. Why do you ask?"

"Well... They showed up at Reception in a stolen fire-truck"

"Oh. They do that sometimes."